

# IRISH COUNTRY SONGS

*Collected and arranged by*  
**HERBERT HUGHES**

*Volume I*

*Also published*

Volume II  
Volume III  
Volume IV

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TO MY SON  
PATRICK CAIRNS HUGHES  
I DEDICATE  
This Volume of our National Melodies.

## PREFACE TO VOL. I.

SEVERAL thousand traditional tunes have been recorded in Ireland and published to the world. They are to be found on the shelves of antiquaries, in elusive books long out of print, or circulating in modern form among scholars, expert folklorists, and a small crowd of musical amateurs. Of these tunes comparatively few are familiar to civilized musicians out of Ireland. The greater number are dance tunes, many of which are but variants of one another and, of course, utterly unvocal; broadly speaking, apart from the association of the dance itself, they are quite unimportant as music. Of the melodies not connected with the dance, however, many of those already published are of the rarest beauty and distinction, with more variety of mood than can be found in any other folk-music in Europe. Unfortunately in Ireland, where an alien language has been thrust upon the people, under severe penalty at all times, the original Gaelic words that were sung to these melodies are, in the majority of cases, lost and forgotten. Even in the *beurla*, however, the old Gaelic idiom penetrated through the verse of the ballad writers, and here and there one may come across a song that has a few lines of a quaint, remote beauty not found in those that have been written under a more immediate foreign influence. In such a verse as this:

O, I would climb a high, high tree  
And rob a wild bird's nest,  
And back I'd bring whatever I do find  
To the arms that I love best,  
—She said,  
To the arms that I love best,

or this:

There's not a gown will go on my back, or a comb will go in my hair,  
And neither flame nor candle light shine in my chamber fair;  
Nor will I wed with any young man until the day I die,  
Since the lowlands of Holland are between my love and me,

one comes in touch with the Gaelic imagination expressing itself strongly, although in a foreign tongue.

But it is in Irish that the poems of real value were wedded to music, for in writing in Irish the ballad-writers were using a language that had served literature for centuries before England had escaped from the barbarism of the Middle Ages; and it is a thousand pities that Petrie, whose complete collection of Irish music was published a few years ago, was not able to obtain the words to which, even in his time, many of his melodies must have been sung. One unfortunate result has been that many very beautiful airs have been set by modern versifiers to words (in English) of appalling banality. Indeed, I know instances where good ballads have been rejected

in favour of some polite sentiment about willow trees and weeping maidens; and, what is infinitely worse, instances of songs being "improved" without due acknowledgment of their traditional anonymity.

Except where otherwise stated, all the songs in this volume may be considered traditional. As far as I could I have avoided editing these rather fragmentary ballads; they are, I think, far better in their crude, unpolished state than they would be were I to have set myself the task of finding rimes for unrimed verses, or of rendering some impudent thought into reputable language. Occasionally, however, I have thought it necessary to omit some verses of a song altogether, and this because the song had been of undue length and several of the verses superfluous. In "The Fanad Grove," for instance, I pieced two incomplete verses together and supplied a missing line of another, and the simple story is told in three verses instead of the original five or six. This is not a volume for antiquaries and other experts; but to all whom it may concern I offer this explanation of what I mean by adapting or editing.

There are so many tunes, and variants of tunes, to be found in collections of Irish music, that I have not thought it worth while to compare those in this book for the purpose of identification and possible relationship. They may stand as they are quite well, I think, without further credentials; and I might add that while all of these melodies have been gathered in Ireland, I do not claim that they, or their "traditional" words, are of necessity indigenous to Ireland. Some have very doubtful ancestry, and may have emanated from Scotland, or from the border, or from purely English sources. To-day, however, they have so far entered into the consciousness of the people who sing them, that I am content to let them pass as Irish. It has been the most notable achievement of the Irish nation that it has, consistently throughout ten centuries, imposed the quality of its mind upon everything that has tried to usurp its life and "educate" its feeling; and it takes a comparatively short space of time for an imported song to receive the impress of local idiom and characteristic so strongly as to deceive the unwary collector into believing he has alighted on some native and unfamiliar melody. The constant migration between England and Scotland and Ireland during the harvesting season accounts in a very large measure for the continuous importation and exportation of country ballads. In the West Country, for example, many Irish songs have taken root, and only recently "Brennan on the Moor" was published in an English collection—an Irish Ballad that has been familiar in every farm kitchen from Dunluce to Skibbereen for generations.

It is the fashion among many expert musicians in England to label certain folk tunes as belonging to established Greek modes, such as the Dorian, for example, or the Phrygian; and a tune's right to be considered of some antiquity is thereby decided. It may be the case that the Sussex peasant sings his bacchanalian ballads to some formulated ecclesiastical system of musical scales, but it has never been proved (although frequently insinuated) that these modes were ever sung by the peasantry in Ireland; and ecclesiastical Plain Song has never had sufficient vogue or

influence to affect the daily life of the people so much that they would, even unconsciously, imitate the manner of church chants in their secular music. On the contrary, it has recently been demonstrated that the Irish possessed, and still employ, a series of scales or modes that are only quite distantly related to the Greek modes, and with a much greater variety of intervals. The obvious comment of the academy-nurtured musician is that they are "only singing out of tune," but experience has proved that they have a scale system as delicately and elaborately constructed as the most fastidious modern artist could wish. So-called "quarter tones" are deliberately sung by the unlearned and despised peasant; and if any incredulous person thinks I am exaggerating let him go to Innismurry or the Aran Islands or Connemara or Donegal and if he can persuade a native to sing (generally a most difficult business) he can judge for himself; or as a further alternative let him compare the ease with which the natives of China sing intervals that are unknown (as yet) to the Queen's Hall.

Musical art is gradually releasing itself from the tyranny of the tempered scale. If composers find its restrictions too exacting—well and good; the manipulation of an untempered scale will be found possible as a matter of course. There is no reason why an arbitrarily fixed scale should stand in the way of the musical revolutionary. That it is merely arbitrary history shows clearly enough, and if we examine the work of the modern French School, notably that of M. Claude Debussy, it will be seen that the tendency is to break the bonds of this old slave-driver and return to the freedom of primitive scales.

Musical scholars, as well as political experts, are apt to forget that the history of Ireland is not the history of England. They forget that over a thousand years ago Ireland was the most highly educated country in Western Europe, and that even in her decadence she has retained some of this old knowledge and culture; and, as a consequence, her contemporary literature and folk-music still have qualities that are peculiar to her, and do not quickly respond to the influence of antipathetic forces. In recording her folk-music one is always meeting with this independence—I would almost say, isolation. Over and over again I have found it impossible to write down a tune that has been sung or played to me, for the simple reason that our modern notation does not allow for intervals less than a semitone.

This volume, therefore, includes merely those melodies that approximate to our modern tempered scale, and, in the case of those I have collected myself, exactly as they were sung or played, I have written accompaniments for them, but I have avoided identifying the harmonic treatment with any formal system of alleged modes, for I feel that to do so is to pin one down to a period, to a date almost. The accompaniments are intended to represent improvisations rather than a defined and permanent harmonic code; each was written thus as it appealed to me at one particular moment. I should probably have quite a different scheme for each one to-morrow if I were to re-write them.

**HERBERT HUGHES.**

*London, 1909.*

## NOTE

**I**N this volume there are only two poems that are translated from the original Gaelic—those entitled “My love, oh she is my love” and “I wish I had the shepherd’s lamb.” I give here part of the original poem of which Dr. Hyde has made a metrical translation in “The Love Songs of Connacht.” There are ten verses altogether, but I have only set five to the tune in this book.

## AN SEARC 'GÁ 'DÍULTUḠÁD

- MO ḠRÁD, ÓN 'RÍ MO ḠRÁD  
 AN BEAN IP MÓ BÍOP 'S AM' ÉRÁD,  
 IP ANNA I Ó M' 'DÉANAM CINN  
 NÁ AN BEAN DO M' 'DÉANAM PLÁN.
- 'SÍ MO RÓR, ÓN 'RÍ MO RÓR,  
 BEAN AN ROIRḠ UAIḠNE MAP AN RÓR,  
 BEAN NÁC Ḡ-CUIRFEAD LÁH PÁ M'-DÉANN  
 BEAN NÁC LUÍRFEAD LIOM AR ÓR.
- MÓR MO ÉAR, ÓN MÓR MO ÉAR  
 IP IONGRÁD FAO ḠO BPAḠAM BÁR,  
 BEAN NÁC 'DÍÚBḠAD TAOB LIOM  
 DAP MO MÍONN IP I MO ḠRÁD.
- 'S Í MO MÍAN, ÓN 'RÍ MO MÍAN,  
 BEAN IP ANNA LIOM PAOI 'N NḠRÉIM,  
 AN BEAN NÁC Ḡ-CUIRFEAD ORM BINN  
 DÁ RUIÓRINN LE NA TAEÓ.
- 'SÍ DO ÉRÁDÁIS MO ÉROIÓE  
 A'R D'PÁḠBUIḠS ORNA AM' LÁR  
 MUNA 'DÓḠḠAR AN T-OLC RO ÓM'ÉROIÓE  
 NÍ BÉID MÉ ḠO DED PLÁN.

Dr. Hyde's translation is in the metre of the original, only more regular. He gives it also literally as follows, including the verses I have left out:

My love, oh! she is my love, The woman who is most for destroying me; Dearer is she from making me ill Than the woman who would be making me well. She is my treasure, Oh, she is my treasure, The woman of the grey (?) eye (she) like the rose, A woman who would not place a hand beneath my head, A woman who would not be with me for gold. She is my affection, Oh! she is my affection, The woman who left no strength in me; A woman who would not breathe a sigh after me, A woman who would not raise a stone at my tomb. She is my secret love, Oh! she is my secret love, A woman who tells us (*i.e.*, me) nothing; A woman

who would not breathe a sigh after me, A woman who would not (for me) shed tears. She is my shape, Oh, she is my shape, A woman who does not remember me to be out, A woman who would not cry at the hour of my death, It is she ruined my heart to its middle. Great my case, Oh! great my case, It is a wonder how long it is till I find death. A woman who would not give me trust, By my oath she is my love! She is my choice, Oh! she is my choice, The woman who would not look back at me, The woman who would not make peace with me, And who is ever full of hate. Great my grief, Oh! great my grief, At the great disrespect The woman has (working) for my destroying. 'Tis she spoiled me of my life. She is my desire, Oh! she is my desire; A woman dearest to me under the sun, The woman who would not pay me heed, If I were to sit by her side. It is she ruined my heart, And left a sigh for ever in me. Unless this evil be raised off my heart, I shall not be well for ever.

In reference to the phrase "She is my shape," Dr. Hyde gives a note in which he suggests that the word *cpuē*, which he has translated as "shape," may have been intended for *cpoē*, meaning riches or cattle. He goes on to say that an old meaning of *cpuē* is destruction, which would make best sense if it were not too obsolete. The poet may have meant to say "She is my riches." The word generally means "shape," which seems to make no sense here, unless, perhaps, like the Latin "forma" and "formosus," it is used in the sense of beauty.

The other song, "I wish I had the shepherd's lamb," is pretty well known all over Ireland, both in Irish and English. The late George Petrie took down two verses from a peasant in the county of Clare, and Dr. Joyce, whose version I have set to the music, has added one stanza (the second) to those given by Dr. Petrie.

Ar tpuas san peata'n maoin aghum  
 Ar tpuas san peata'n maoin aghum  
 Ar tpuas san peata'n maoin aghum  
 'Sna caoiré beaga bána.

*Chorus*

Ir ó goirum, goirum tú  
 Ir spáó mo chroidé san áitís tú  
 Ir ó goirum, goirum tú  
 'S tú peata beag do mácar.

Ar tpuas san maoinín bán aghum  
 Ar tpuas san maoinín bán aghum  
 Ar tpuas san maoinín bán aghum  
 Ar fáilte ó mo spáó geal.

Ar tpuas san bólaót bainne aghum  
 Ar tpuas san bólaót bainne aghum  
 Ar tpuas san bólaót bainne aghum  
 Ar Cáitín ó na mácar.

Dr. Joyce gives the following translation of the chorus:

And oh! I hail thee, I hail thee  
 And the love of my heart without deceit thou art,  
 And oh! I hail thee, I hail thee,  
 And thou art the little pet of thy mother.



# CONTENTS

	PAGE
The Verdant Braes of Skreen . . . . .	<i>Derry</i> . . . . . 1
Reynardine . . . . .	<i>Donegal</i> . . . . . 4
The Weaver's Daughter . . . . .	<i>Donegal</i> . . . . . 7
When through Life unblest we rove . . . . .	<i>Old Air</i> . . . . . 10
The Next Market Day . . . . .	<i>Ulster</i> . . . . . 14
My Love, oh she is my Love . . . . .	<i>South Irish</i> . . . . . 18
I know where I'm goin' . . . . .	<i>Antrim</i> . . . . . 22
Slow by the Shadows . . . . .	<i>Donegal</i> . . . . . 25
The Little Rose of Gartan . . . . .	<i>Donegal</i> . . . . . 28
A Ballynure Ballad . . . . .	<i>Antrim</i> . . . . . 32
Down by the Sally Gardens . . . . .	<i>"The Maids of Mourne Shore"</i> 37
The bonny wee Mare . . . . .	<i>Donegal</i> . . . . . 40
She moved through the Fair . . . . .	<i>Donegal</i> . . . . . 46
You couldn't stop a Lover ( <i>Fragment</i> ) . . . . .	<i>Donegal</i> . . . . . 49
An Island Spinning Song . . . . .	<i>Innismurphy</i> . . . . . 50
The Fanaid Grove . . . . .	<i>Donegal</i> . . . . . 55
"B" for Barney ( <i>Fragment</i> ) . . . . .	<i>Antrim</i> . . . . . 59
The Lover's Curse . . . . .	<i>Donegal</i> . . . . . 60
I wish I had the Shepherd's Lamb . . . . .	<i>Glens of Antrim</i> . . . . . 64
Must I go bound . . . . .	<i>Derry</i> . . . . . 68
I know my Love . . . . .	<i>West Irish</i> . . . . . 70
The Gartan Mother's Lullaby . . . . .	<i>Donegal</i> . . . . . 74

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# The verdant braes of Skreen.

M  
1744  
H893I68  
v.1

1221483

From an old Ballad.

COUNTY DERRY.

Andante.

VOICE. "Oh, Ill not sit on the

PIANO. *mf*

grass," she said, "Nor be a love of... thine, For... I

7/31/73 rlc  
hear you love a..... Con - nact maid, And your heart is no lon-ger

mine," she said, "And your heart is nolon - ger mine."

"Oh I'll not heed what an old man says Whose

*mf*

days are well nigh done, And I'll not heed what a

young man says, For he's fair for many a one," she says, "For he's

*cresc.*

fair for... many a one." "Oh

*dim.* *p* *cres.* *con feroce.*

I will climb a..... high, high.... tree And

rob a wild birds nest, And.... back I'll bring what

ev\_er I do find To the arms that I love best," she said, "To the

arms that.... I.... love best.....

# Reynardine.

Fragment of Ulster Ballad.

Donegal version.

VOICE.

PIANO.

*p non legato.*

If by chance you look for me Per -

*p*

- haps you'll not me find, For I'll be in my

\* In the locality where I obtained this fragment Reynardine is known as the name of a faery that changes into the shape of a fox.—Ed.

cas - tle, En - quire for Rey - nard -

- ine. Sun and dark I fol - lowed him, His

eyes did bright - ly shine; He took me o'er the

mount - ains, Did my sweet Rey - nard - ine.

*dim.* *pp* *rall.*

*dim. e rall.*

If by chance you look for me Per - haps you'll not me

*pp*

find, For I'll be in my cas - - tle, En -

*pp*

- quire for Rey - nard - ine...

*pp*

*Ad.* \*



# The Weaver's Daughter.

Fragment of Ulster Ballad.

COUNTY DONEGAL.

**Allegro.**

**VOICE.**

**PIANO.**

*mf*

*f*

It was on a charm - ing fine summer's wea - ther, When eve - ry

*\*(galumphing.)\**

flow - er brought a plea - sant scene, When my love he came with his hat and

fea - ther Un - to the town..... of sweet Nor - een.

\* An Ulsterism.

It's "Mod. es<sup>t</sup> Nan - cy, ob - lige my

fan - cy, And I'll buy you a bright chain of gold."

I.....would not spoil my good rep - u - ta - tion For all the

gold..... you have in store, For they are but heart - less that e'er would

ven ture To fix their minds..... on gold I'm sure

*pp leggiero.*

*Slower.*

Oh! she is my

*p colla voce.*

fan - cy, her name is Nan - cy, The wea - vers daugh - ter of sweet Nor -

- een.....

*a tempo dim.*

*pp*

# When thro' life unblest we rove.

Words by  
THOMAS MOORE

OLD AIR.

Andante con moto.

VOICE.

PIANO. *mf*

When thro' life un - blest we rove,

*p*

Los - ing all that..... made life dear,

*3*

Should some notes we..... used to love.... In.....

days.... of..... boy - - hood meet our ears,

Oh, how wel - come breathes the..... strain,

*pp*

Wa - king thoughts, that..... long have slept,

Kind - ling for - mer..... smiles a - gain..... In

*cres.*

fad - ed..... eyes..... that long have wept.

*dim.*

Mu - sic, oh how...

*pp*

faint, how faint, Lan - guage fades be -

- fore thy spell, Why should feel - ing...

ev - er speak When thou canst breathe her soul so well.

*allargando.*

*a tempo.*

Friend - ships balm - y words may..... feign,

*a tempo.*

Loves are e'en more false than they;

Oh! 'tis on - ly mu - sic's strain..... Can

*(pp)*

sweet - ly..... soothe..... and not be - tray.

*colla voce.* *mf*

Red.

\*

# The next market day.

Fragment of Tyrone Ballad, adapted.

ULSTER MELODY.

*Allegro vivace.*

VOICE.

PIANO.

*f*

*mf*

A maid goin' to Comber her markets to larn, To sell for her



mammy three hanks o' fine yarn, She met with a young man a - long the high -

- way Which caused this young dam - sel to dal - ly and stray.

Sit ye be - side me, I mean ye no harm,

Sit ye be - side me this new tune to larn, Here is three guin - eas your

mammy to pay, - So lay by your yarn till the next mar - ket day.

*pp*

They sat down to - ge - ther, the

*f*

*pp*

This system contains the first two lines of the musical score. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The first line of the vocal melody begins with a *pp* dynamic marking. The piano accompaniment starts with a *f* dynamic marking. The lyrics 'They sat down to - ge - ther, the' are written below the vocal line.

grass it was green, And the day was the fair - est that ev - er was

This system contains the second and third lines of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'grass it was green, And the day was the fair - est that ev - er was'. The piano accompaniment features a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, with some notes beamed together.

seen, Oh, the look in your eyes beats a morn - in' o' May, I could

This system contains the fourth and fifth lines of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'seen, Oh, the look in your eyes beats a morn - in' o' May, I could'. The piano accompaniment continues with a similar melodic and bass line structure.

sit by your side till the next mar - ket day.

This system contains the sixth and seventh lines of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics 'sit by your side till the next mar - ket day.'. The piano accompaniment provides a harmonic foundation for the final line of the piece.

This young maid went home and the words that he said And the

air that he played her still rang in her head. She says I'll go

find him by land or by sea Till he larns me that tune called The

next mar-ket day.

# My love, oh, she is my love.

Words by  
DOUGLAS HYDE.  
(From the Irish)

SOUTH IRISH.

Andante moderato.

VOICE.

PIANO.

*mf sempre legato.*

She casts a spell, oh, casts a spell Which haunts me more than

I can tell, More dear be\_cause she makes me ill..... Than

who would will to make me well. She is my store, oh,

she my store, Whose grey eyes wound - ed me so sore, Who

will not place in mine her palm, Who will not calm me

a - ny more. Too hard my case, too

hard my case, How have I lived so

long a space And she to trust me ne-ver-more. Though

I a-dore her si-lent face She's my de-sire, oh, my de-sire, More

glo-rious than the bright suns fire, Who were than wind-blown

ice more cold..... Were I so bold as to sit by her.....

*pp* (with mock pathos)

Oh, she it is hath

*pp molto legato.*

stole my heart And left a void and ach - ing smart, And

if she soft - en not her eye..... Then life and I..... in

*colla voce.*

pain must part.....

*pp*

# I know where I'm goin'.

OLD SONG.

COUNTY ANTRIM.

VOICE. *Moderato.* *Wistfully.*

PIANO.

I know where I'm

or

go-in', she said, And

go-in', And I know whos go-in' with me, I know who I

love But the dear knows\* who I'll mar-ry!

I have stockings of silk, Shoes of finegreen lea-ther,

\*Dear knows: the Ulster equivalent of "Goodness knows"



Combs to buckle my hair, And a ring for eve-ry finger.

Some say he's black,\* But I say he's bon-ny, The

fair-est of them all My... hand,some,win,some Johnny.

Fea-ther beds are soft, And painted rooms are bon-ny, But

\* Black: dour, ungracious.

I would leave them all To... go with my love John-ny.

*Pensively.*

I know where I'm

*cresc.* *dim.* *p*

or  
go-in', she said, And  
go-in',..... And I know who's go-in' with me, I know who I

*colla voce.*

love,..... But the dear knows who. I'll marry!

*p*

# Slow by the shadows.

Words by  
SEOSAMH MacCATHMHAOIL.

COUNTY DONEGAL.

*Andante.*

VOICE.

PIANO.

*mf*

*legato.*

Slow by the... sha - dows of dark Gleann - a' -

- righ, The... King's Narrow Wa - ter chants out to..... the

sea, And... wreath'd in..... its..... flow - ing My... love with it.....

goes To... Feen - agh of... Oak - woods and Dree - nan... of

Sloes. There hang the... grey hills And

green woods a - dream, 'Twixt hea - ven's soft... eye And the

heart of... the stream; And hid in their si - lence My...

love makes her... bower In... both - y of... sloe boughs And

wild tan - sy flower. Up where grey

Dree - nan Looks out to the morn In dark - ness lies...

Eith - ne That true "heart of corn:" At Feen - agh I...

wooded her For well nigh a year, At Feen - agh I...

won her Low laid on the bier. rall. pp

# The Little Rose of Gartan.

Words by  
SEOSAMH MacCATHMHAOIL.

COUNTY DONEGAL.

**Presto.**

VOICE.

PIANO.

As I came o'er the Glash-y head I spied a lit-tle

peas-ant maid: She tripp'd the heath as light as..... down T'wards

plea-sant Kil-ma - cren-an town. Her hair was swarth, her... eye was blue And

brighter than the morn-ing dew; Her cheek a bunch of brown-ing sloes, Her

mouth a..... bud-ding bram-ble rose. To

see so fair and free a child A - foot up - on the mountain wild, It...

*leggiere*

was a joy, a ve - ry... joy, And O I... wished my - self a boy. She

was the fai - ry... flow'r and pride Of all that highland Gar - tan side; And

peas - ant po - ets called her... so, - The Lit - tle Rose in... like to blow.

On, on she danced as... light as down T'wards



pleasant Kil-ma-cren-an town, And while she danced she sang a song That

lin-gered in my mem'-ry long. I mind it yet tho' nine good year It

is since I was fish-ing there, And spied that lit-tle peas-ant maid A-

-bove the bab-bling Glaash-y head.....

# A Ballynure Ballad.

Fragment of an old Ballad.

COUNTY ANTRIM.

*Allegro gioioso.* (M M  $\text{♩} = 139.$ )

VOICE.

(In strict time throughout.)

PIANO.

fifth day of No-ven-ber, With a ma-ring - doo - a-day, With a ma-

- ring - a-doo - a-dad - dy oh..... As,

I was go-in' a-long the road when homeward I ..... was walk-ing, I

heard a wee lad be-hind a ditch a To his wee lass was talk-ing, With a ma-

- ring - doo - a - day, With a ma - ring - a - doo - a - dad - dy, oh!

Said the wee lad to the wee lass "It's will ye

let..... me kiss ye, For it's I have got the cor - dial eye... that

*ben marcato*

far ex - ceeds the whis - key,' With a ma - ring - doo - a - day, With a ma -

ring - a\_doo - a\_dad - dy, oh!..... This

cor\_dial that ye talk a\_bout there's ve\_ry few.... o' them gets it,.... For there's

no - thin' now but crook - ed combs and musling gowns can catch it. With a ma.

ring - doo - a\_day, With a ma-ring - a\_doo - a\_dad - dy oh!.....

*pp* As I was go-in' a long the road as home-ward

*f* *pp*

I..... was walk-in' I.... heard a wee lad behind a ditch, a To

his wee lass was talk - in' With a ma-ring - doo - a - day, With a ma -

- ring - a - doo - a - dad - dy oh!.....

*pp*

# Down by the Sally Gardens.

Words by  
W. B. YEATS.

Air: "The Maids of Mourne Shore."

**Andante con moto.**

VOICE.

PIANO.

*p sempre legato e delicatissimo*

*with *

Down by the... Sal - ly.....

gar - dens My... love and.. I did meet, She.....

passed the... Sal - ly gar - dens With lit - tle snow-white

feet. She bid me... take love ea - sy, As the

leaves grow on... the tree, But..... I be - ing young and

fool - ish With her did... not a - gree.

In a field..... by the...

riv - er My... love and.... I did



stand, And..... on my... lean-ing shoul-der She

placed her... snow-white hand; She bid me... take life

ea-sy, As the grass grows on.... the... weirs, But.....

I was young and.... fool-ish And now am... full of

tears.....

# The Bonny Wee Mare.

(A ballad of a horse-race.)

COUNTY DONEGAL.

**Presto.** *(In a rollicking manner.)*

VOICE. *In strict time throughout.* (1.) It

PIANO. *f*

bein' on the eighth of Oc - to - ber last, When ra - ces was o - ver and  
(2.) this wee boy.... got on its back They filled to him.... a

mar - kets past, I'd a bon - ny wee mare. a nice race mare,  
glass of sack, Saying "Come, my 'boy,.... don't let her go off,

A ..... bon - ny wee din wi' two split ears, Wi' my  
But ..... hold her in with a live - ly swing, Wi' my

tid-dy ri tid-dy ri fa la la la fi tid-dy-i - dee.....  
 tid-dy ri tid-dy ri fa la la la fi tid-dy-i - dee"

(2.) When  
 (3.) The first three miles that  
 (4.) "How can that be?"... the

we rode on My bon-ny wee din.... she lie be-hind, Which  
 wee boy cries, "That my.... wee mare would win no prize. Here's

makes those sportsmen shout and say: "Here's.....  
 fif-ty pound my un-cle gave me, I'll.....

fif - ty pounds on the live - ly bay, Wi' my tid - dy ri tid - dy ri  
hold it on..... ye, pur - ty Bes.sie, Wi' my tid - dy ri tid - dy ri

fa la la la fi tid.dy - i - dee.....  
fa la la la fi tid.dy - I - dee''.....

(5.) The next three miles that we rode on, My

bonny wee din... she lie be. hind, Which makes her mas. ter smile and say

My..... bon-ny wee din you will

win the day, Wi my tid-dy ri tid-dy ri fa la la la fi tid-dy-i

- dee." (6.) But the

ve-ry last mile... we rode that day My bon-ny wee din She

raced a-way And left the live-ly bay be-hind, Which.....

..... caused those sportsmen to change their mind, Wi' my tid-dy ri tid-dy ri

fa la la la fi tid-dy.i - dee.

(7.) It's now this wee din has won the race, She'll stay no lon-ger

in this place, She has won as much money this ve - ry day As.....

..... 'll help her master to clear the way, Wi' my tiddy ri tiddy ri

fa la la la fi diddy-i - dee.

*senza rall.*

# She moved thro' the fair.

PÁDRAIC COLUM.

Adapted from an old ballad.

COUNTY DONEGAL.

Andante con moto.

VOICE.

PIANO.

My..... young lovesaid to me..... "My mother wont mind And my fa ther....

*mf*

..... wont slight you for your lack of kind,"..... And she

stepp'd..... a way from me and this she did say, "It.....



will not be long, love,..... till.. our wed.ding day."

She..... stepp'd a . way from me..... and she went thro' the

fair, And fond.ly..... I watch'd her move here and move

there,..... And then she..... went home.ward with one star a .

-wake, As the.. swan in the eve..ning..... moves o . ver the

lake..... Last..... night she came to me.....

*p*

..... she came soft - ly in,..... So..... soft - ly..... she

came that her feet made no din,..... And she laid her..... hand

on me and this she did say..... "It..... will not be long, love,.....

..... till our wedding day.....

*pp*

# You couldn't stop a lover.

(A FRAGMENT.)

COUNTY DONEGAL.

PIANO.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. The piano part consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'PIANO.' and the dynamics include 'mf' (mezzo-forte). The vocal melody is written on a single staff with a treble clef, following the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

You might well cause an eagle to come down from his nest, But you  
 couldn't stop a lov-er for he'll come...night and day, He'll come night and day, and he'll  
 come night and day, Oh you couldn't stop a lov-er for he'll come back a-gain.....

# An Island Spinning Song.

PÁDRAIC COLUM

INNISMURRY.

Adapted from an old ballad.

*Allegretto.*

VOICE.


PIANO.

*Allegro.**mf**(a poco rall.)*

One came be fore her and

said, be - seech - ing, "I have for - tune and

I have lands, And if you will share in the



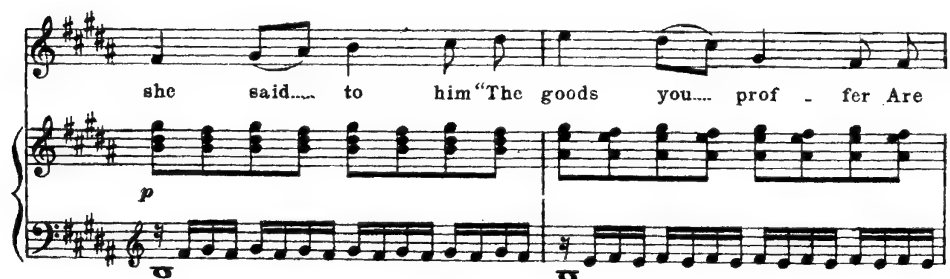
goods of my house - hold... All my.....



trea - sure's at your com - mand."

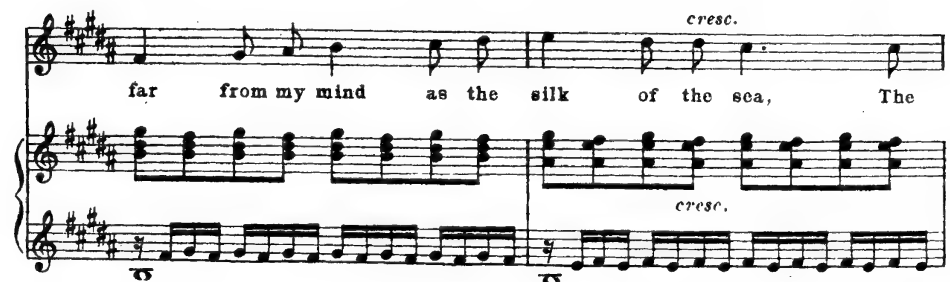


But



she said... to him "The goods you... prof - fer Are

*p*



far from my mind as the silk of the sea, The

*cresc.*

*cresc.*

arms of him, my young love, round me is

all the trea - sure is true for

me."

*dim.*

"Proud you are then, proud of your beau - ty, But

beau - ty's a flow'r will..... soon de - cay; The

fair - est flow'rs on - ly bloom in..... sum - mer, They

bloom one..... sum - mer and fade a -

*dim e poco rall.*

- way."

*p a tempo.*

*p*

My heart is sad for the lit - tle flow'r That

must soon wi - ther where it grew,..... He.....

*ff*

*molto cresc.*

..... who has my heart in..... keep - ing I

*ff*

would he..... had my.... bo - - dy

*dim.*

too.

*rall*

en - tan - do - e -

*dim* in - u - en - do. *pp*



# The Fanaid Grove.

Old Ballad  
Adapted by the Editor.

COUNTY DONEGAL.

Andante espressivo.

VOICE.

PIANO.

'Twas on a win - ter's ev - - ning,... When

first came down the snow, O'er hills and lof - ty

mount - ains... The storm - y winds did blow; A

dam - sel she came trip - ping down All in a drift of

snow, With a ba - by in her snow - white arms She

*animando.*  
knew not where to go. Hard heart - ed was my

fa - - ther.. that shut the... door on me, And

more so was my mo - - ther For plain - ly she did

see That dark and storm - y was the night, It

pierced my heart with cold. And cru - el was that

false young man... That sold his... love for gold.

Un -

- to a qui - et grove she went And there did... she kneel down,

Turn - ing her eyes to hea - ven,.. In sor - row she made

moan, She kissed her ba - by's cold, cold lips.. And laid it by her

side, And in that si - lent Fa - naid grove ir lone - ly...grief she

died.

*p*

*cresc. p*

# B for Barney

59

(A FRAGMENT)

Belfast Street Song

COUNTY ANTRIM

**Allegro**

VOICE

PIANO *mf*

B for Bar-ney, C for Cross, R for my love... Bar-ney Ross!

All the world will ne-ver, ne-ver know The love I have for my Bar-ney O.

*pp* B for Bar ney, C for Cross.....

*pp*

*ppp*

# The Lover's Curse.

Old Ballad.  
Adapted by the Editor.

COUNTY DONEGAL.

*Andante maestoso.*

VOICE.

PIANO.

*f*

This one and that one will court him,..... But if

e'er he gets a - ny but..... me..... Both.....

dai - ly and... hour - ly I'll curse them..... That

stole love - ly..... Ja - mie from me.....

*dim:* *p*

*poco animando.*

Far in the.....

*mp (legato)*

land of the stran - ger,..... Six... hun - dred long

miles o'er the..... sea,..... To.....

*cres.* *molto cresc.*

*ff*

fight in the... low - lands of Hol - land.....

*ff*

..... They stole love - - ly..... Ja - mie from.....

*dim. e rall.*

me.....

*mf*

*pp sostenuto.*

Sad - ness and.....

*pp*



weep - ing are on me..... For the lad that is

o - ver the..... sea,..... But,.... dai - ly and

*cresc. poco stringendo. ff a tempo*

hour - ly I'll curse them..... That stole love - ly.....

*dim.*

Ja - mie from me.....

*dim. p mf*

# I wish I had the shepherd's lamb.

Words by permission from  
Joyce's "Irish Music & Song"  
(Translated by P. W. Joyce.)

The Glens of Antrim.

VOICE. *In reel time. (Vivace.)*

PIANO. *mf*

I... wish I had the shepherd's lamb, the

*p ben marcato.*

shepherd's lamb, the shepherd's lamb, I wish I had the shepherd's lamb and

Ka - tey com - ing af - ter. Iss o gur - rim, gur - rim - hoo, Iss

gra - ma - chree gon kel - lig hoo. Iss o gur - rim, gur - rim hoo, Sto

pah - ta bég do wau - her. I.....

wish I had the yel - low cow, the yel - low cow, the yel - low cow, I

*pp*

wish I had the yel - low cow, And wel - come from my dar - ling. Iss

*pp*

o gur - rim, gur - rim hoo, Iss gra - ma - chreegon kel - lig hoo, Iss

o gur - rim, gur - rim hoo, Sto pah - ta beg do wau - her.

*ppp*

I..... wish I had a herd of kine, a

herd of kine, a herd of kine, I wish I had a herd of kine And

Ka - tey from her fa - ther! Iss o gur - rim, gur - rim hoo, Iss

gra - ma - chree gon kel - lig hoo, Iss o gur - rim, gur - rim hoo, Sto

*pp*

pah.ta beg do wau - her.

*mf*

# Must I go bound?

Fragment of an old Song.

COUNTY DERRY.

*Andante.*

VOICE. *p* Must I go bound and

PIANO. *p*

you go free? Must I love the lass that wouldn't love me? Was

eer I taught so poor a wit As to love the lass would

break my heart? I..... put my fin - ger to the bush To

pluck the fair - est rose, I pricked my fin - ger

to the bone, But ah! I..... left the rose be - hind. So must

I go bound and you go free? Must I love the lass that

wouldn't love me? Was e'er I..... taught so poor a wit As to

love the lass would break my heart?

# I know my love.

\* Old Song.

WEST IRISH.

*Allegretto.* (To be sung without pauses.)

VOICE. *"I..... know my*

PIANO. (*without expression*)

love by his way o' walk-in, And I know my love by his way o'

talk-in, And I know my love drest in a suit o' blue, And if my love

laves me what will I do - o - o? "And still she cried "I love him the

\* In Galway and Clare this song was sometimes sung in alternate verses of Irish and English, but I have been unable to obtain the Irish words. The version here given forms part of the song as it is known in Limerick.—Ed.



best, And a trou.bled mind, sure, can know no rest..... And still she

cried "bonny boys are few, And if my love laves me what will I

do - o - o?..... There..... is a

dance house in Ma - ra dyke,..... And there my true love goes ev' - ry

night,..... He takes a strange one up - on his knee, And don't you

think now that vex-es me-e-e?" And still she cried "I love him the

best, And a troubled mind, sure, can know no rest" And still she

cried "bon-ny boys are few, And if my love laves me what will I

do-o-o?..... If..... my love

knew I could wash and wring,..... If my love knew I could weave and

spin,..... I'd make a coat all of the fi - nest kind, But the want of

mo - ney, sure, laves me be - hind"..... And still she cried "I love him the

best, And a troubled mind, sure, can know no rest"..... And still she

cried "bon - ny boys are few, And if my love laves me what will I

do - o - o?".....

# The Gartan Mother's Lullaby.

Words by  
SEOSAMH MacCATHMHAOIL.

COUNTY DONEGAL.

*Andante.*

VOICE. *legato.* Sleep, O babe, for the

PIANO. *p*

red bee-hums The si-lent twi-light's fall. Ee-val from the

Grey Rock comes To wrap the world in thrall..... *A lian van o,* my

child, my joy, My love and heart's de-sire..... The

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a tempo marking of 'Andante.' The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The voice part is written in a single staff, and the piano part is written in two staves (treble and bass clef). The lyrics are in English, with an Irish translation provided below. The score is divided into four systems, each with a voice line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady, rhythmic accompaniment with some melodic lines in the right hand. The voice part is a simple melody, often with a long note at the end of a phrase. The lyrics are: 'Sleep, O babe, for the red bee-hums The si-lent twi-light's fall. Ee-val from the Grey Rock comes To wrap the world in thrall..... A lian van o, my child, my joy, My love and heart's de-sire..... The'.

crick - ets sing you lul - la - by Be - side the dy - ing fire.....

Dusk is drawn, and the

*pp*

Green Man's thorn Is wreathed in rings of fog; Shee - vra sails his

boat till morn Up - on the star - ry bog..... A lyan van o, the

*cres.*

pa - ly moon Hath brimmd her cusp in dew..... And

*dim.*

weeps to hear the sad sleep - tune I sing, O love to

you.....

*p*

Sleep, O babe, for the red bee hums The si - lent twi - light's

*pp*

fall.                      Re - val from the Grey Roök comes To wrap the world in

thrill..... A lyan van o, my child, my joy, My

love and hearts' de - sire,..... The crick - ets sing you

lul - la - by Be - side the dy - ing fire.

*pp*